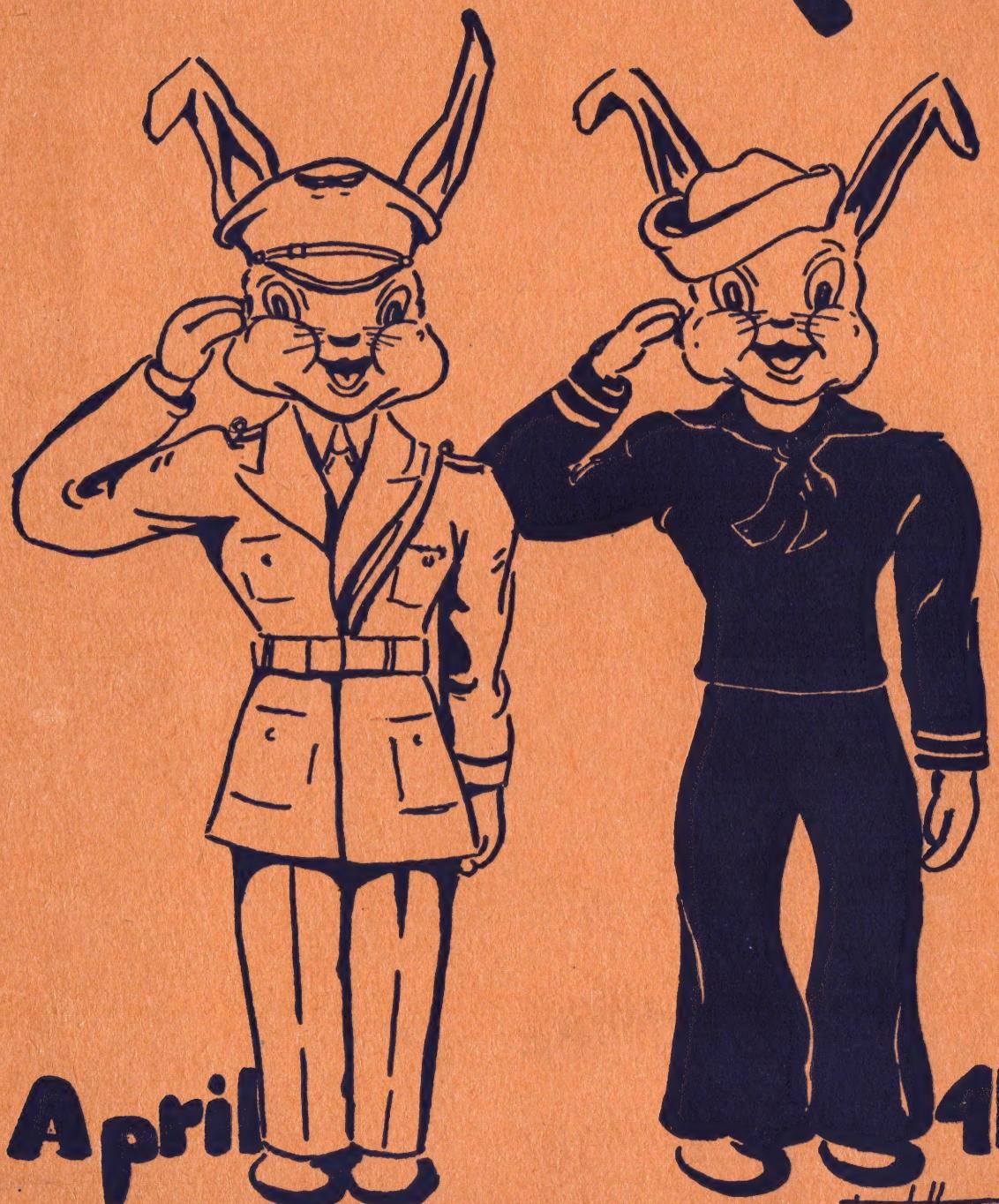


Ruth Waggoner

THE STUDENT'S PEN



April 11

Fred Hansen.



April, 1941

1

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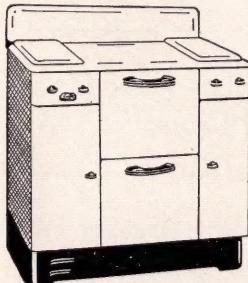
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The Student's Pen

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No. 5

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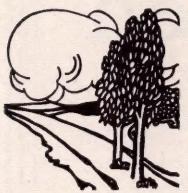
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Table of Contents

	Page
ON THE EDITOR'S DESK	5
WHO'S WHO	12
SCHOOL NOTES	15
ALUMNI NOTES	18
ATHLETICS	19



SPRING

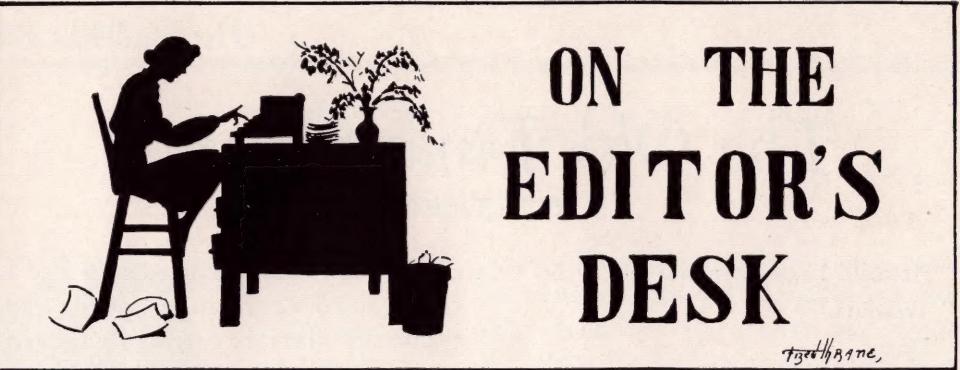
By Peggy-Ann Keeney

Oh, the flowers that bloom, tra-la;
 And the birdies that sing, "Tweet-tweet,"
 Are signs of that wonderful thing—I mean Spring—
 Which is passing on wings all too fleet.

Oh, the students who yawn in class,
 And the half-wits who once were bright
 Are victims of Spring, that most wonderful Thing
 Which is making their minds not quite right.

Oh, when women who worship hats,
 And when fans of Ye Baseball Glove,
 Get that gleam in their eye, then you know it is nigh;
 It is Spring that it's the season of!

Oh, when people like me write poems,
 And try to rhyme "flow'r" with "tree"
 Then, flash—in a wink you know what to think
 It has come—Spring is here again—Wheee!



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

T. B. R. A. N. E.

A Question Box

by Helen Wade

THERE seems to be a trend today for question "bees", "boxes" or what have you for the entertainment and information of the public. Every day brings more of them—so to keep in style we're going to try one right now. But our questions come not from an encyclopedia or the pages of a Webster Dictionary, nor will any of us receive a first prize of "twenty-five silver dollars" for an answer. They are, rather from the huge land that makes America and pertain to the people who inhabit that land. These are questions that must be answered by every straight thinking young American.

Do we in this United States really practice the religious and moral tenets which we claim to hold so dearly? Do we in our daily life uphold the ideals of liberty and tolerance?

Can this country profess to be free from race prejudice when every day rights are denied the colored people of the South? Not long ago I heard the story of a group of young peoples' leaders who were attending a conference in Washington, D. C. With the group was a young Negro, a college graduate and possibly a more brilliant man than any of the rest of the party. These people went into a lunch room to eat between conference sessions, and were approached by the proprietor.

"Is this your chauffeur?"

"No," came the answer. "He's one of our party—a personal friend."

In spite of the young man's position and brilliance, and the objections of his friends, he was told that he could not remain with the group. The only way those people could lunch with their Negro friend was by purchasing sandwiches at a lunch stand and eating on a bench in the park. This in the Capital of our nation. Are we then living in a great country in which every man under God is created "free and equal"?

Is America fundamentally sound when, at a time of national emergency, strikes run rampant in the great manufacturing centers of the nation—when petty jealousies that rise above the national good threaten to cripple our vital defense program?

Does democracy stir a sincere patriotism in the hearts of its citizens serving to uphold America and its heritage of freedom? Do followers of democracy feel the burning love of country and government that caused the young Nazi, broken in body but strong in spirit, to say: "If I had ten lives I would give them gladly—every one—for my Fuehrer?"

We shall never see our government perfect—human nature is too fallible, but we shall never come anywhere near the goal of perfection to which men have eternally striven unless we try to answer these questions. Of course, you and I cannot now fully solve these problems; but that does not mean we should ignore them. We should ask them, face them and try to answer them.

The Old Timers Speak

By Joe Tagliente

"Pittsfield High lost again last night."

"To whom?"

"Drury."

"Badly?"

"Disgracefully."

"There was the day when to hear of a Pittsfield High defeat was as unusual as it is now to hear of a victory. What then do you think is the reason? Has Pittsfield lost its power to produce young manhood with the zest and determination for victory? Are there no more Tommy Curtins, no more John Kellars, no more Ralph Renzis?"

"It isn't the lack of men."

"Then what is it?"

"It's the school spirit!"

"The school spirit?"

"Yes, the school spirit. Do you know how many students there are in Pittsfield High?"

"Why, yes. About two thousand."

"And how many do you see at the football or basketball games? I'll answer for you—a handful. Is it any wonder their teams are unsuccessful? Why, when we were youngsters, we'd get the whole school out for the games; and when we played our city rivals, there'd be a riot every time. Something has to be done about it. These moderns are getting too soft."

"You're right, old timers," thought I.

As I walked behind these two,—both players of other days on P. H. S. teams—I could not avoid hearing their conversation. Often I, too, had thought of our decline. I had thought of how I had entered a school wrapped in the tradition of school patriotism; how I had entered a school where the never-

say-die spirit was supreme; how I had entered a school where the individual was for the whole; where the one was for the many; where a spirit of unselfishness and devotion prevailed. Now I am about to leave it,—its spirit shattered, its long tradition broken, its patriotism lost, and its name a subject of levity.

Pittsfield High is like a sleeping giant being taken advantage of by its smaller antagonists. When, oh, when will it rise and overwhelm them? When will it recover its power and vanquish its opponents? A decade ago the name of Pittsfield High was a synonym for fear and trepidation to its athletic rivals, but now its name is the source of ridicule and scornful laughter. Were those Pittsfield men of yesteryear so much superior to us, or is it that we lack the fortitude and backbone to go out and win; to cheer, to arouse, to drive our teams to victory?

It is my firm conviction that one who is unpatriotic toward his school will also be unpatriotic toward his country in later life. After all, is not a school a nation on a smaller scale,—its students, the citizens; its principal and teachers, the governing officers; and its football team the army, going out to do battle every Saturday? What kind of nation is it that does not back up its army? Then, what kind of a school is it that does not back up its teams? Napoleon once said that "the morale of the one makes victory for the many." Thus I say that our teams cannot hope to achieve victories if there is not behind them the spirit of each and every student. It's our duty to create this spirit, and, armed with it, to conquer all our antagonists.

My Neighbor

By Robert Billings



I'LL bet that you haven't a neighbor like mine. Perhaps you wouldn't want one. Garbed in a brilliant red costume, he scorns the drab greys and browns of his relatives.

This little fellow's etiquette would make the New York socialites blush with shame. His table manners would shock Emily Post, the language he uses is abominable, and he is too saucy for his own health, but I like him.

This little red squirrel has his nest in a maple tree just outside our kitchen window. Many times I watch his antics from this window, but I much prefer to sit quietly on the lawn under his door—and watch—and wait.

He has a family of young in his nest and this makes him saucier than usual. He pops his head out of the entrance of his home, he sees me, he chatters excitedly and runs out on a limb. He has seen me here before many times, but he still gives me a tongue lashing when he spies me. He shouts at me, he scolds me, and he probably says what he thinks of me. But isn't he right? What right have I to invade the peace of this little friend's home? I should go, but I decide to stay to see what his next tactics will be. He dashes down the tree and scampers away. So, all that chatter was just a big front! A slight rustle in the leaves—Ah! he is back again. His jaws are crammed with food. He gives me an impatient glance, runs up the tree, and ducks into his home. A moment later he reappears with a tempting morsel in his front paws. He throws all manners to the wind and eats greedily.

We are apt to criticize this little fellow be-

cause of his independent nature, but is he any worse than many of his human cousins? Why shouldn't he wear a bright coat? When he is among the dead leaves on the ground, it takes a good eye to detect him. Why shouldn't he scamper? His quickness is his preservation. And why shouldn't he chatter at me, especially when he has young in his nest? It is a squirrel's nature to try to ward off things that would invade his home.

This little red squirrel has been my neighbor for over four years, and each year I share his joy in watching his fine young family come out of the nest for the first time; in watching them grow up, in watching them take their place in the world.

I wouldn't trade my little neighbor for any human in the world. He doesn't borrow things from me, he doesn't gossip, he doesn't talk behind my back; in short, he is my choice for a good neighbor.

LADY SPRING

By Marilyn Jane Kagan

When birds upon the trees are found,
When lilac bush is violet crowned,
When blades of grass come peeping up,
The fairy folk all lift their cups,
To drink a toast to Maiden Spring.

And now as mystic shadows come,
The fairy folk with horn and drum
All gather in the silvery light
To welcome back a maiden bright,
The gay and lovely Lady Spring.

Before this maid in green attire
King Winter's vanquished hosts retire.
While flowers along the wayside throng
Returning birds pour forth their song,
The melodies of Lady Spring.

Bingo

By Rosina Criscitiello

NO stream-lined, smooth-haired specimen of canine beauty was Bingo, only a dull-looking, shaggy-maned Airedale with the most mournful countenance that one can imagine. Nevertheless, he was the best companion and the most loyal friend I have ever known. He first came to us when I was a very small child. For some reason beyond my comprehension he must have immediately determined to establish himself as my most devoted companion. Wherever I ventured, he followed, and whatever play I indulged in, he entered into it with unquestioning acquiescence.

Bingo was not only my great companion, he invariably exhibited his worth as my ardent protector. He was granted numerous occasions to defend his little mistress, for of the many children in our neighborhood I was the youngest and smallest, and the others seemed to take particular delight in teasing me. They would run toward me, their faces bright with mischievous intent, and suddenly without warning, would grasp my hat tightly in their hands, pull it off, and carry it away, delighted with the success of their venture. Like the gentleman who ran into the arena in the midst of a ferocious bull-fight to recover the flowers which his lady-love had accidentally dropped, Bingo, upon observing my predicament, would pursue the culprits, recapture the head-piece, and return like "the victor with the spoils" to receive as a reward for this great feat my approving pats upon his proud head.

Not only did Bingo devote his life to the protection and defense of my interests, he also sympathized with me in all my little sorrows; and one of his most laudable characteristics was his willingness to share the blame for my mischief. One incident returns

clearly to my mind. Feeling the lure for adventure, I took it upon myself one day to make a little journey into unknown parts. As usual Bingo was my companion and seemed quite as anxious as I to indulge in a little exploration. For many miles we tramped through fields and along country roads, I, revelling in the wildness and solitude about me, Bingo, contentedly walking by my side protecting me much as the ewe protects her lamb. Soon it began to grow dark. I became thoroughly frightened and clung more tightly to Bingo's shaggy body. He then became aware of my plight and true to his duty, turned about, ran forward, and urged me to follow. After several hours, hours of watchful anxiety on the part of my parents, I finally reached home through the careful guidance of the faithful Bingo. Since I had acted against the repeated cautions of my parents, I received a well-deserved punishment. I was confined to the attic, there to remain alone for—oh, I don't recall how long a time! However, mine was not destined to be a solitary confinement; for, as I climbed the attic stairs, Bingo's tired feet pattered softly after me. He remained by my side for the next several hours, all the while trying as best he could to make the situation as endurable as possible for me.

Despite his gentle faithfulness toward me, Bingo was in truth a "one-man dog" and did not easily become friendly with others. He would often jump upon those who entered the premises of our dwelling in his effort to fulfill his duty, that of acting as a watch-dog. We were in constant fear that one day he would injure someone by the force of his strong body and the strength of his sharp claws. Our fears were finally realized. It

(Continued on page 17)

April, 1941

9

Abstractions

By Edmund King

PROBABLY the one person outside of my parents who has had the most influence on my life was Bill. Bill was the youngest of three boys in a family of six children in which my mother was the oldest girl. My first recollection of Bill, a very faint recollection, dates from one night when I was around five or six years old. We were visiting my grandparents. Bill was playing in an orchestra then, and the boys were practising in the house at the time. When I came in, Bill had all the fellows let me try their instruments, even the bass drum. My first impression of Bill was that he was a "right guy". It hasn't changed.

Bill's association, first as a bookkeeper, and then as a manager of one of the branch mills of a large grain corporation, "whose laboratories are constantly at work, producing better poultry, dairy, and stock feeds," influenced my early years. Bill would drive down on Friday afternoon, and that night we'd "go up North." Saturday we would spend at the mill, and then, on Sunday, we would go fishing or hunting.

How I used to love to get into that mill. The massive oak beams of the ceiling supported by equally massive oak pillars. The grain elevators that Bill used to let me operate. The huge bins where the fragrant grain was stored prior to bagging. Mountains of sweet-smelling baled hay. The big, black, bewhiskered cat and her pampered kittens. Freight cars at the siding, some with men rushing into their yawning maws and rushing out again with handtrucks laden; other cars, their titanic bulks waiting patiently, with the shiny seals on the door still intact. Towering walls of bagged grain, forming huge ramparts, which I often watched. Pigeons cooing on the roof, and whirring through the sky. A train whistle mournful in the distance, and the rattle of cracked-corn when, like sand through an hourglass, it trickled out of a bag. Lights, covered with white dust and cobwebs, glowing and winking high on the ceiling.

Sometimes after hours Bill would go down to check up. Then how I'd tease for him to chase me, until finally, away we'd go, with me shrieking and whooping like an Indian and with him in hot pursuit. Up an elevator, down the stairs, down an elevator, up the stairs, behind pillars, behind bales, into the office, around the desks, in, around, and out again, until, exhausted from the pace and breathless from laughter, I'd be captured, and struggling, and kicking, thrust into an empty grain sack. Then Bill would go back to the office, and I would brush the grain out of my hair, climb up on a bale of hay, and wait for Bill to come out so we could do it again.

When Bill was too busy in the office, I used to amuse myself by climbing over the stacked grain bags. I would imagine I was anyone of the great personages who interested me at the time, and I'd go on endlessly. The old building was "heavy with atmosphere," I couldn't help but let myself go. Once, for a time, I had a den of my own. There was a large shipment of hay, and the bales were stacked high. Halfway up this pile, by dint of much exertion on the sly, I had fashioned some sort of a secluded retreat. It wasn't much. It wasn't very big, but, for a time, it was everything to me. I'd crawl up there and lie down on the hay and dream for hours. What was hay? Where did this hay come from? Who grew it? How did it get here? I was becoming quite the abstractionist when my little nook was shifted to the back of a big red truck and driven away to I

(Continued on page 11)

In Defense of Teachers

By M. Cristicello

WHEN one feels in a generous mood, he is in an excellent position to aid his fellow men—and what is a better way of helping one's fellow men than to defend them when they are in need of defense? All that is necessary then is to find someone who can stand a little encouragement and support. Well, in a school, one does not have to look far, for all about him are droves of innocent, hard-working teachers whose presence upon this earth is not fully appreciated. Surely they are in need of defense if anyone is!

To begin with, let us put our feet in their shoes. First of all, they (the teachers, not the shoes) are required to rise at the first call of the cock to hasten to school to get things straightened up and tied down in preparation for the arrival of the students. Then commences another day of the same old "nose to the grindstone,"—a day of shouting, stamping, sweating, scolding, sighing. Think of it, six periods of staring into hundreds of pale, nodding faces; dull, youthful faces with distant, dreaming eyes and half-opened mouths. Yet, what do they get for it all?

When a teacher finishes an hour's session on "Newton and the Law of Gravity" or "Sculpture of the Early Eighteenth Century," is he overwhelmed with a volley of praise and gratitude? Oh, no! He is greeted with a wave of heaving sighs, while a somewhat bored lad in the back of the room rises with alacrity to open a window for the purpose of ushering out the excess carbon dioxide that has accumulated in the atmosphere.

Occasionally the pupils do try to make life a bit easier for the despairing teacher by offering a morsel or two of wit. In the midst of an algebra class, a bright-eyed junior will pipe up, "Gee, these logs 'stump' me!" or some flaxen-haired damsel will interrupt

English with, "Isn't there something simply 'killing' about Macbeth?" How often has a certain prof in P. H. S. (Room 104) advised his understudies never to become teachers unless they possess an exceptionally good sense of humor!

At the arrival of lunch period, the average teacher is ready to sink his teeth into a hearty man-sized meal. However, just as the last tones of the lunch bell are fading away, a babbling, big-brained, first year chemist accosts his pedagogue with a new formula for making book-covers from used-up peanut shells. All the poor teacher can do is to stand there trying to forget his empty stomach while the heartless student rambles on ad infinitum.

Finally when two-thirty rolls around (oh, ever so slowly) the exhausted teacher is free to go—but no, his kind heart tells him to remain behind for a few minutes. There are several pupils who don't as yet quite understand the difference between "rhombic tetrameter" and "amphoteric millemeter." Time struggles on and it is not until half-past five (or anytime thereafter) that we see these forlorn, wild-haired professors stumbling out into the night. There was once a particularly big-hearted teacher who managed to get out of the school only once or twice a year! He was the type who liked to stay after, just to "finish up a few things."

All teachers face their duties with the realization that some day they will become very old and absent-minded. As they approach the senile seventies after fifty years behind "the ruler and the specs," they will find themselves shedding gray hairs and quoting Shakespeare instead of Caesar in Latin classes. When they have reached this stage in life, it must pain their hearts to see so

April, 1941

11

many happy, carefree youths about them. They, too, were once young and free from the heavy burden of trouble, but at last the sun of life is sinking behind the horizon of age. Years and years of treading over the same beaten floors, listening to their voices echo against the same four walls, pointing out lessons from the same old dog-eared textbook—what has it all amounted to? It has just made them old before their time.

Still the students do not realize who has stayed awake for hours into the night to correct their homework and test papers, who has spent days at a time figuring averages and marking report cards, who has advised them in their hours of need—yes, who has so lovingly watched over them throughout their entire high school career.

Indeed, a teacher's "lot is not a happy one." The next time you have an urge to condemn one of your instructors for any "crime" that he has perpetrated, try to remember these few lines:

I'm bent and old and white,

My parting moment's nigh;

I've just a final word to say

Before I bid good-bye.

If you want a life of wealth,

Banking is your line;

Or for a taste of outdoor world

Farming would be fine.

If you take to building things,

Carpentry will do.

And for the lights, the stage, and screen,

An actor's life to you.

Do you care to roam the sea?

Then call yourself a sailor;

And if you shout at marching men,

You're a sergeant—or a jailer.

If you live in righteousness

You're sure to be a preacher;

But if you want a life of ease,

Don't ever be a teacher!

ABSTRACTIONS

(Continued from page 9)

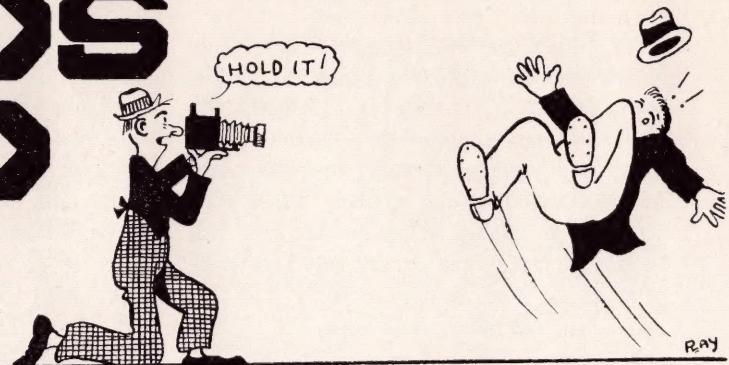
know not where. As I look back upon those days, with the knowledge that the like of them, for me, will never be again, only now do I appreciate their worth.

We, Bill and I, used to like to go up to the camp, to go up there where the wind was heavy with the scent of spruce and balsam, and where the breeze from across the lake was fresh and cool. We used to like to spend the days whipping the swift, cold mountain streams for trout, and casting for bass, pike, and pickerel in crystal clear lakes. We used to like to tramp the soft carpeted, springy earth under the swishing limbs of hemlocks, and to push through glades, waist-deep in waving ferns. We used to like to sit at evening, and listen to the fish splashing in the cove. We used to like to watch the ducks, outlined black against a cold, gray sky, wheel and set down behind the tamaracks over the island.

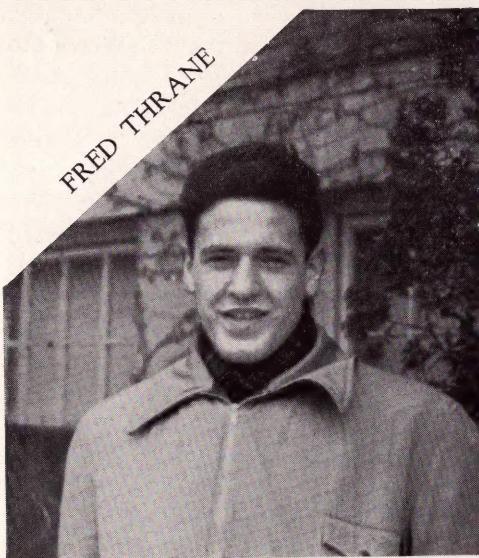
We used to like to watch the flames licking at the logs in the fireplace, and listen to the crackling, popping roar; to go to sleep in a loft where branches brushed gently against the roof and where the night noises drifted in through the screens. We used to—and still do.

We've eaten deer steaks broiled over an open fire, and those "flatrock fries" I'll never forget. We've been in towns where everybody was "a man of the soil" and where anybody who didn't vote Republican was simply not tolerated. We've been to places where the girls wore flour sacks and feed bags, and where blue denims were standard apparel for the men. We've followed baying hounds, and we've driven over country roads and swooped down the "thank-you-ma'am's". We've made memories, memories that in years to come will make a life seemingly lived out, livable once again,—memories that will send old blood coursing through an ancient frame and which will bring to that frame, once again, the heat and warmth of passionate youth.

WHO'S WHO



FRED THRANE

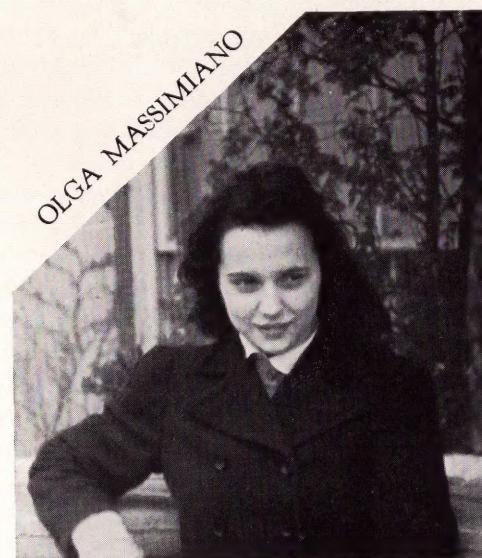


GRANT WOOD, 2nd

One of the most distinguished students of P. H. S. is Fred Thrane. As the artist of the class of '41, he is well worthy of all praises that we can give him. Always willing to draw illustrations for *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, posters, and hundreds of other sketches that only one of his talent can devise, Fred is your friend and mine.

He doesn't carry a hatchet, although absolutely relishes cherry pie. And he says he'll never complain when a certain blonde is around. Besides being an excellent skier, he is a member of Senior Hi-Y. Fred Thrane is such a fine all round good fellow, we just know he will become a success in his field of endeavor, commercial art.

OLGA MASSIMIANO



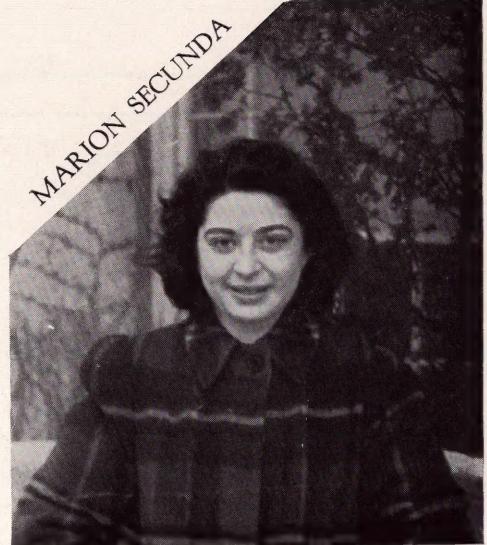
CONCERT MISTRESS

Sweet as the music she plays, this pretty senior with jet black hair and big brown eyes is admired by all of her friends—whose number seems to be legion. Olga is concert-mistress of our orchestra, is on *THE STUDENT'S PEN* staff, and is a valued member of many other high school organizations. Her favorite pastime is, of course, playing the violin, but she declares that she favors no one subject. Soon after Olga graduates this June, she plans to share her violin with a nurse's cap, (the line of patients will form at the right, please.)

MISS VERSATILE

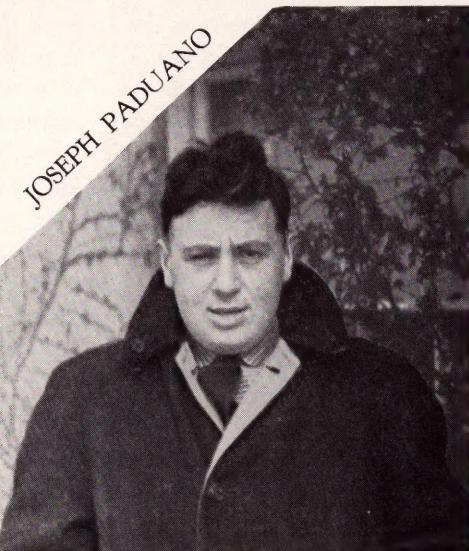
Students, here is Marion Secunda, that charming senior whose essays and editorials you've often had the pleasure of reading in *THE PEN*. Marion not only contributes to our magazine; she also acts as a pianist in the orchestra. Her favorite sports are bowling and swimming. You'll always find her around when they're serving pineapple sundaes, for she's just crazy about them. Marion hopes some day to become a business executive, or at least to do some work in the line of merchandising. Her attractive personality and her intelligence will certainly do much to help her achieve this ambition.

MARION SECUNDA



CLASS DAY CHAIRMAN

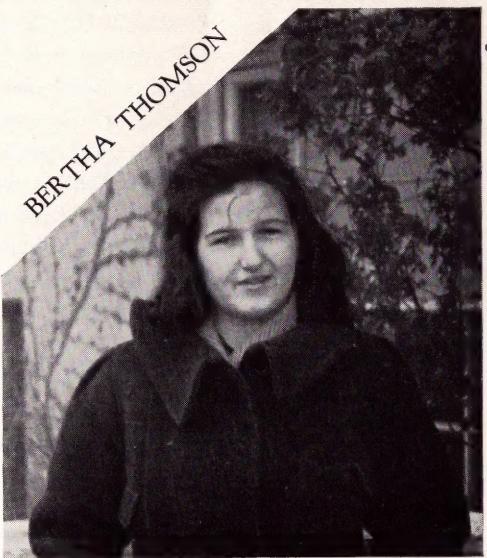
Joseph Paduano, chairman of Class Day, needs no introduction to his classmates. His winning smile and magnetic personality make him a favorite with everyone. He is a member of the school orchestra and, it is rumored, writes music in his spare time. Two of his seven songs are being considered for publication. Joe has a fine sense of humor and likes to pun and impersonate.



EDITOR

Introducing Bertha Thomson, dependable member of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* staff and editor of Girls' Sports for the past two years. Bertha's hobby is, of course—sports. Swimming is her favorite, and if you're ever looking for her, just go up to Pontoosuc Lake. No, not in winter. Then she's at the Boys' Club pool. She also likes to sew and cook—such chocolate cakes! "Bert" insists that she likes everything except parsnips. She hopes to go into the field of child nursing after graduation. Good Luck, Bertha.

BERTHA THOMSON





By Dick Kaufman

HERE we are again, you little ol' music lovers you, and we get right down to work without any preliminary discussions.

This month some of the world's greatest jazz artists get together on the METRONOME ALL STAR'S discing of *Bugle Call Rag* and *One O'clock Jump*. Biggest kicks on the disc come from Coleman Hawkins' tenor, J. C. Higginbotham's trombone, and Benny Goodman's go-wash-your-mouth-with-soap clarinet.

LES BROWN'S arrangement and his band's playing of *Amapola* rank him just about tops (too bad he doesn't get the breaks he deserves) . . . ARTIE SHAW'S fine *ork* does a ditto job on *Pyramid*, on which Bill Butterfield plays some excellent plunger-muted trumpet . . . A great arrangement played in good taste highlights LARRY CLINTON'S *Rockin' Chair*—Peggy Mann is deservedly featured . . . WOODY HERMAN is the boy who really knows how to play a "pop" tune—*Oh, Look at Me Now* is an example of the Herman "pops"—correct style, mood, phrasing; and above all, they're really musical . . . GENE KRUPA should do more things like *Full Dress Hop*—he really does 'em well . . . You should have fun listening to that FATS WALLER number with that awe-inspiring title of *Liver Lip Jones* . . . CHARLIE SPIVAK'S fast-rising band should please all of its many radio fans with its coupling of *What's Cookin'* and *Hey! Sit Down, Bud* . . . Another young band with immense possibilities is that of VAUGHN MUNROE, whose theme exhibits the band's fine tones and Vaughn's voice.



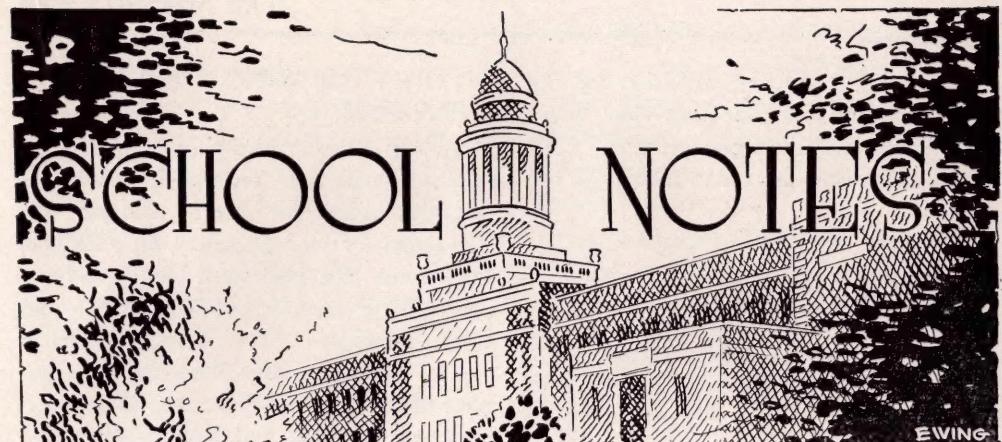
By Margaret Walsh

IT'S a sure sign of spring when we turn our interests to golf again! It's really a fascinating game, and one of the best books written on the subject is "Swinging Into Golf" by Ernest Jones, professional player, and Innis Brown, American golf commentator. This book is written, not so much to teach the fundamentals of golf as to improve the player's skill. The authors give us valuable details in timing, rhythm, variations, and accuracy.

Dean B. Cromwell's "Championship in Track and Field" is for the young beginner who wants to learn; for the star who desires to improve, and for the spectator who wants the fun of knowing "why" as well as "who." Grantland Rice's comments on this book are: "It is worth while even if you are a mere non-athlete like me, seeking entertaining reading."

Boys! Have you read "All Seasons Afield with Rod and Gun" by Raymond Camp? If not, you had better hustle to your library now and borrow it. Acclaimed by leading sportsmen as the book which has the most to offer on fishing and hunting, it has been widely read since its publication two years ago. Your time in reading this book will be well spent.

How to Make Good in College, by Randall B. Hamrick
 Modern Primitive Arts, by Catharine Ogelsby
 Into China, by Eileen Bigland
 The Dog in Training, by Jasef Weber
 Training Your Dog, by Carl Spity
 Music for Fun, by Sigmund Spaeth
 A Roving Commission, by Winston Churchill
 Squadrons Up! by Noel Monks
 Men and Volts, by John Hammond
 New Garden Encyclopedia, publishers, William H. Wise and Company



SENIOR NOTES

The time of parting with our junior and sophomore colleagues is fast drawing near. We have recorded many noteworthy achievements in this our last year. (Ed. Note. Anything that rhymes in this column is merely accidental!) Remember our brave actions under the fire of Miss Kaliher's matching tests, and our undaunted spirits when faced with the seemingly impossible task of writing the Maplewood Essay. Ah, yes, little ones, our past record is indeed noteworthy, to say the least, and in the short time that is left, we plan even greater doings, which those who follow might well try to imitate. Dorothy Arigoni, one of our more attractive seniors, has been elected Chairman of the Senior Banquet and Joseph Paduano has been elected Chairman of Class Day. Our Yearbook, which already promises to be one of the best ever published by a senior class, is taking shape under the able direction of Donald Clark, who has appointed the following chairmen of the various committees.

Art	Fred Thrane
Class History	Dorothy Calnan
Photography	James Baker
The Pirates of Penzance	Olga Massimiano
Class Will	Elisabeth Urban

Athletics

Statistics

Tributes

Who's Who and Prophecy

Virginia Gamwell

Helen Wade

Margaret Walsh

Helen Hayes

JUNIOR NOTES

When will we ever be seniors? You've guessed it! In exactly three months. We're realizing more and more as time goes on the advantages of our last year. Just imagine the supreme joy of not having to worry about departmentals in math, and never even thinking of the Girls' Gym Exhibition, except as a spectator. These things are certainly nice to look forward to.

But enough of these idle dreams! We must think of the present. Preparations for the Junior Prom are in full swing, with George "Basketball" Henderson in charge. He claims that it's easier to make a basket than to decide whom to put on what committee. As yet, the chairmen of the various committees have not been chosen, but the girls can get out their gowns and the boys, their white jackets, for May fourteenth is the big day. It will be the first time since our Thanksgiving Dance that we have been in the lime-light, and we might admit that we were getting just a little jealous of the attention shown our upperclassmen.

This is the last gym exhibition for the junior girls, who promise that they won't let the sophs steal the show this year. They will be as startling as ever in their little red gym suits.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

There's no hope for the poor little sophomore. We struggle and fret, attempt to do our best at all times, and even cut up worms in biology class, but, do WE get any publicity? NO!! All our upperclassmen do is pat us on the head and say, "Your day will come, little one; just be patient!" In our opinion this is no just reward for our unceasing efforts. All those who are tired of the old order, arise! No longer will we be slaves of tradition! Let us try to rise above our self-made superiors! If you are willing to become a member of THE PARTY, please file an application in your nearest wastebasket. Don't delay!

SPOOKS AND STUFF!!!

The A. I. E. E. Assembly Series was brought to a startling close on March fifth by Dean Howard Higgins. When we say "startling," we might be putting it mildly, for Dean Higgins managed, in the space of an hour's time, to mystify, amuse, and educate the student body and faculty of our high school in one of the most fascinating assemblies ever presented on the stage of the auditorium. Dean Higgins gave us a slight idea of what a spiritualist would term a "seance" by going into a trance and performing seemingly impossible feats of magic. For a time, although we didn't really believe in such "nonsense", we were not a little impressed by it. Dean Higgins warned us not to believe in spiritualism and told us the story of its origin. We were all particularly amused by "Howard," a member of the spirit world, who seemed to know a great deal about a certain teacher's private life.

OH GIVE THE WINGS OF A SEA GULL!!

Cleveland Grant, bird photographer extraordinary, came to us on March 10 with his beautiful technicolor films of wild bird life. The seniors of our high school will remember Mr. Grant (the man with two presidents' names) for he came to our school when they were sophomores. (Yes, it happens to the best of us.) Mr. Grant also showed us pictures of the simple, hardworking fishermen of the Gaspe Peninsula and of a family of woodcarvers, whose beautiful work amazed us. We all envied the lazy soaring of the seagulls on the wind currents. Let's hope Mr. Grant will return to us again in the near future.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

Perhaps you thought that the clubs of P. H. S. were no longer in existence, but, if you did, you were sadly mistaken. On the contrary, many of the clubs are still in full swing. Among these is the Motion Picture Club, whose policy of seeing one picture a month and then reviewing it as a group, is well known. This month the club attended the picture "Western Union" at the Capitol Theater. The following members of the club gave topics: Elaine Conroy, Arminda Bino, Claire Potter, Irene Flossic, Edith Goddard, Rolland Jones, Jeff Davis, Beryl Blaney, Marilyn Disco, Dorothy Collins, Claire Shepherd, Patricia Watson, and Shirley Patterson.

PRESS AWARD

The members of the staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN were highly elated when they discovered that their magazine had won a first place at the Columbia National Scholastic Press Association Convention. THE PEN has won a second place in this contest twice in recent years, but this is the first time it has won the honor of a first place.

April, 1941

17

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

Although the cynics may doubt it, we of P. H. S. really believe in the Easter Bunny. And just to show you that we're not fooling, we'll tell you what we hope this little fellow will bring us:

Modestino Criscitiello—"A big bag of jelly beans and plenty of time to eat them."

Ruth Boos—"A hat that will please everyone. (Myself, included!)"

John Wilkinson—"An 'A' in French!"

Priscilla Reynolds—"Some warm weather so my corsage (if I get one) won't freeze!"

Malcolm Carsley—"Good skiing weather!"

Florence Ward—"Cold weather so I can wear my imitation mink!!"

Evelyn Guilds—"A big bunny rabbit."

Harriett Tanner—"The promise that my elephant, Hoopla, can take the Easter bunny's place next year."

Shirley Perry—"Nice weather so I won't ruin my bonnet."

Dottie Calnan—"An Easter vacation!"

Helen Heidel—"A big chocolate bunny!"

Gloria Cushman—"A new hat and an Easter basket!"

Janice McLaughlin—"Almost anything. (Too bad we aren't all satisfied so easily.)"

Pete Warren—"A short cut to Fairfield Street."

Joe Condron—"Inspiration for more poems like those I wrote for 'the 22nd'."

Blair Steele—"A nice girl friend!"

Joan Collins—"Easter week in the hospital."

Ed Gabree—"Nothing much!"

Lois Merimian—"The teacher in 101 to forget certain happenings."

Neils Kristensen—"Sympathy." (We wonder why?)

Jinny Murphy—"A General Electric bunny!"

Wesley Ashley—"A long vacation!"

George Henderson—"Nothing—I'm satisfied!"

GYM EXHIBITION

Shh! Don't tell anyone, but let's peep behind the curtain and see how the gym exhibition is progressing. My goodness! What a pleasant surprise.

Shawn Dancing Class, with Monica Wells as accompanist, began February ninth. The girls are conscientiously working on "The Waltz of the Flowers" from "The Nut Cracker Suite" by Tschaikowsky. All other plans are being completed in preparation for the demonstration, which is to be held on April eighteenth.

BINGO

(Continued from page 8)

happened one day that two little girls were crossing a busy street with Bingo not far behind them. As he neared the two children, Bingo leaped upon one of them. As he did so, his great claws cut deep red scratches into the flesh of the terrified child.

I can offer no suggestion as to Bingo's motive for this action except that an oncoming automobile may have caused his high-spirited nerves to slip out of control for the moment. Fortunately, the injury to the child was not too serious. However, for me Bingo's mistake had a much greater consequence. My parents felt that we could no longer keep a dog which had proved himself so dangerous. Therefore, several days after the accident, Bingo was taken away in the family car. As I watched him go, he turned his head toward me, and his eyes seemed to summon me to join him in this new adventure. Little did he know that this was his last journey away from home. Since that day I have not seen Bingo. I do not even know the location of the place to which he was taken. I only wish that I could have him back for a few minutes to thank him for his kindness toward me. He was only a sad-faced Airedale, but the best friend I have ever known.



Alumni Notes

Once upon a time, not so long ago, there dwelt in Pittsfield High School a number of outstanding personages. Now the various so-called "higher institutions of knowledge" are harboring these brilliant individuals, their names recently coming out on the Dean's lists in several colleges. To begin with we extend our congratulations to Winifred Atchison, one of our Pro-Merito students, whose name has gone down in Rochester University for her studiousness. Besides "Bina", Jack Dexheimer of Drew University has been honored.

Leonard Kohlhofer, a Lambda Chi Alpha man, has been elected editor-in-chief of "The Polytechnic," the student newspaper of R. P. I.

Bruce Hainsworth, a freshman at W. P. I., has recently been initiated into Lambda Chi Alpha.

Another courageous young man, once of P. H. S., is Bob Cranston. He, too, braved the perils of being initiated into Lambda Chi Alpha at R. P. I. "Bobby" is studying to be an electrical engineer.

"Baron" Yerazunis has certainly displayed his personality at Rensselaer. Stephen was awarded full numerals for freshman football. In his more serious moments Stephen is delving into the depths of chemical engineering.

An alumnus that we can not fail to mention in our tale is Armand Feigenbaum, who

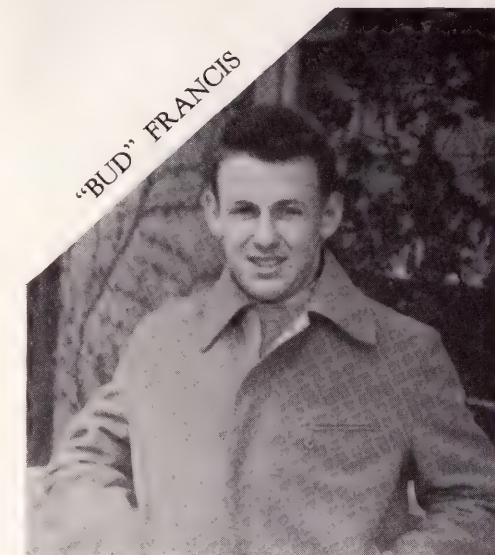
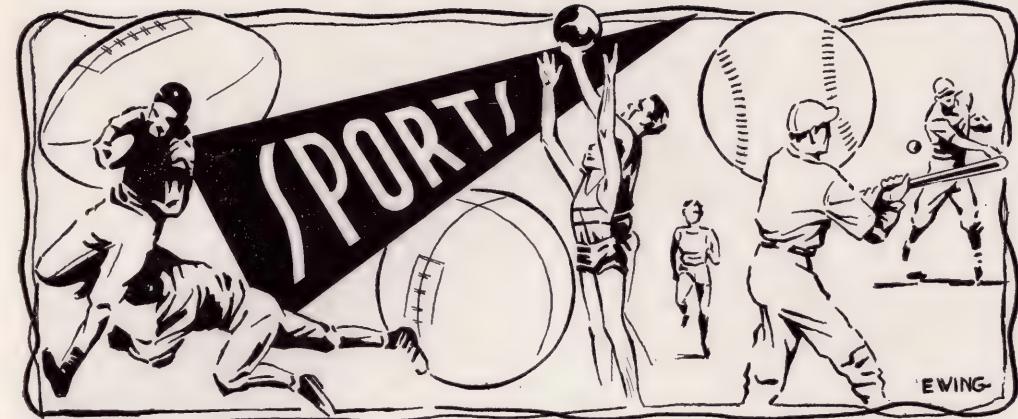
was invited by Russell Sage College to be a co-leader at its forum, "The Unfolding of Democracy." Feigenbaum is also very prominent on his home campus. He is a member of the staff of the college newspaper, yearbook, and debating team of R. P. I.

Marjorie Cahall, a P. H. S. graduate in the class of '39, was initiated into the Christian Service Club at Bates College. This club is composed of students interested in the fundamentals of religion and in practical Christianity.

Geraldine Seagrave, as Pro-Merito student in the class of '40, and now a freshman at Larsen Junior College in New Haven, Connecticut, is on the Dean's list, having a general average above eighty-five per cent for the last semester.

David Strout, P. H. S. 1940, has been elected vice-president of the Trek Club at the Rhode Island School of Design. This organization is considered the most influential club at the school.

Audrey May, a sophomore at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in Greensboro, has been named to the honor roll. The honor roll is composed of 12 per cent of the senior and junior class, 10 per cent of the sophomore class, and 8 per cent of the freshman class making the highest grades.



"BUD" FRANCIS

Basketball Captain Elect

THREE CHEERS AND A TIGER!

OH, ecstasy and delirious unbounded joy! The gallant lads in purple have just completed a most successful hoop season. Sure, they lost a few *minor* games, but they came through on the ones that really counted. Congratulations, Coach Stewart, and orchids to all the fellows who helped to subdue our ancient city rival, St. Joe.

In a slam-bang, rip-roaring affair that carried over into a three-minute overtime and one "sudden death" period and nearly caused Yours Truly to fall through the bleachers

in a dead faint, P. H. S. swept to victory for the third and deciding game of the city series. George Henderson sounded the death knell after an accurate pass from Larry Naughton.

Ann M. cheered loudly and lustily for the Purple and White, and for "Bud" Francis, in particular. (I know how you felt, Ann, and, let me tell you, not a few of my puny screeches were in behalf of that "swell" little basketball player!)

More about Bud. (His first name is actually Llewellyn, but he prefers Bud, so I'll call him Llewellyn.) Llewellyn has shot, passed, and dribbled with the P. H. S. hoop squad his entire three years, holding down a regular forward position both as a junior and senior. Llewellyn claims to be right at home on the diamond, also. Besides playing baseball with P. H. S. for three straight years, he has starred on Nation-Wide of the Shire City League, and, also was a regular with the 1939 American Legion Juniors.

Llewellyn simply adores banana cream pie. (He likes to eat it, too.) His most distasteful subject is (was?) U. S. History. His favorite sport is basketball. (Of course!) And last, but far from least,—his hobby. Well, I rather think that Ann is better qualified to speak of his hobby.

"Won't you say a few words about his hobby, Ann?"

"XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX(Fadeout)."



1940-41 SKI TEAM

William Eagan, Edward Hover, Edward Jadatz, Walter Koenig, Edmond Bissallion, Malcolm Carsley, Harding Whithan, Walter Kubica, Edward Stepnowski, Wesley Ashley.

SKI REVIEW

On January 25, 1941, ten boys, selected practically at random, represented Pittsfield High School in the Berkshire Interscholastic Ski Meet. The boys did an excellent job, skiing against such prep schools as Deerfield (which won the meet), Hotchkiss, and Berkshire. The P. H. S. A team managed to finish fourth in the combined, and the B team a good fifth.

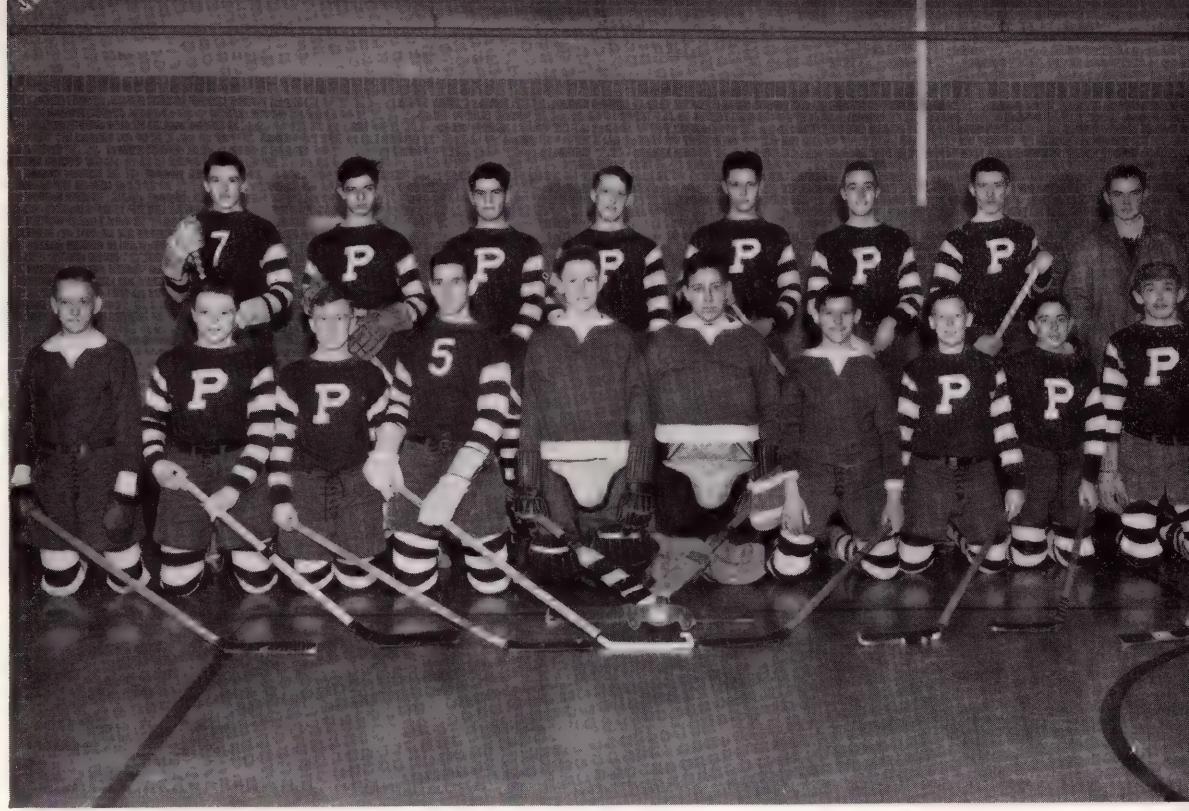
The next meet, February 22, was a Triangle Meet with Berkshire School and South Kent, on Berkshire's home grounds. Ed Stepnowski had two beautiful runs in the slalom, and won that event. Malc Carsley won the downhill on the Elbow Trail, and Walt Kubica finished a surprisingly good fourth in the cross-country. Pittsfield stumbled in the cross-country as Berkshire knew

the course. However, some of our langlaufers did well, and we lost by only nine points to Berkshire.

On February 28, in a meet with Darrow School in Lebanon, P. H. S. gained the first nine places in the downhill race! Carsley won the race, followed closely by Stepnowski and Ed Jadatz.

The A team, chosen on March 15 competed with Adams High at the State Forest. P. H. S. came out on top, although Adams took first honors in the downhill and slalom. Carsley of Pittsfield took second in both events and won the combined. Stepnowski finished fourth, with a good downhill run; Bill Eagan finished fifth; Wes Ashley, sixth; and Ed Bissallion eighth.

Viewed as a whole the season for the P. H. S. Ski Team was a most satisfactory one.



1940-1941 HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—Alan Stillman, Armando Icardi, Edward Rodriguez, John Carmody, Chas. Sessions, Fredrick Cande, William Bushey, Alfred Boudreau.

Front Row—Henry Flynn, Kenyon Ferry, William King, Donald Gabree, Edward Martin, Chester Lathrop, Raymond Marchetto, John Evans, Louis Giovannetti, Joseph Carmody.

BASEBALL PREVIEW

By James Eulian

At the first call for service in the 1941 baseball campaign, an army of veterans is expected to enlist. Recruits will be closely examined in the near future by Coach Stewart.

Veterans who will probably try for positions in the infield will be "Buddy" Francis, "Ed" Bushey, John Murphy, Tony Procopio, Larry Naughton, Bob Tone, Billy King and "Mat" Rozanski.

Chief cannon-firer Carl Heidel will un-

doubtedly return to disorganize the opposition's offense with his fire-ball.

Earl Turner, Billy Rice, and La Forrest Smith are our probable receivers.

The returning outfield trio should find little trouble in regaining their positions. "Ted" Mezejewski, Venus Serowicz, and "Cubby" Caliento are the talented fielders who may gain prominence in the hitting column again this year.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

GIRLS' SPORTS

By B. Thomson, R. McHugh, A. Walak

BASKETBALL

The girls in the above photo are Jeannette Tysiewsk, Jessie Sadlowski, Bambino Del Gallo, forwards; Lillian Chambers, Doris Lovejoy, Agnes Cullen, guards; and Jean Goldsborough, Virginia Broyles, substitutes of the senior basketball team.

The following girls have been chosen for the junior and sophomore intramural tournament basketball: Juniors—Anna Woitkowski, Wanda Woitkowski, Frances Lonergan, forwards; Dorothea Miller, Alma Kingsley, Georgia Diamond, guards; Lillian Hogue and Jennie Morowski, substitutes.

The sophomores include Alvira Gentile, Helen Suhinski, Charlotte Scace, forwards; Ruth McCormack, Pauline Volk, Jane Hearn, guards; Phyllis Goodrich and Ruth Leahy, substitutes.

These class teams will play two out of three games for the championship.

BADMINTON

The doubles Badminton contest for sophomores is just finishing the final lap, and results will soon be known.

Seniors! Listen for your chance to compete! In the meanwhile have your partner ready to join in the fun. Remember the winners get twenty-five points toward their letters and are eligible for the interclass competition.

SHORT SHORTS

Elvira Gentile and Eleanor Madden were the winners of the sophomore doubles badminton contest. As awards they will each receive twenty-five points toward their letters.

Team I won the Round Robin Basketball tournament. Each girl who plays in all the games will receive her letter. The players are Wanda Woitkowski, Doris Lovejoy, Margaret Edwards and Genevieve Cherry.



Miss Kaliher: "Did anyone ever tell you that you were smart?"

Student: "No."

Miss Kaliher: "Then where did you get the idea?"

Joe: "Can you carry a tune?"

Moe: "Carry a tune! I can't even lift one."

A student who wanted to stay home from school refused to get out of bed. When his mother asked what was wrong, he groaned and said, "I got vitamins."

THE PROXY

Voice over telephone: "Billy Smith is sick and can't come to school."

Teacher: "Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is my brother speaking."

English Teacher—"Johnny, what ten books would you choose to have if you were shipwrecked on a desert isle? Think hard. Which ones would be of the greatest use?"

Johnny (after considerable thought)—"Let's see—Shakespeare, Milton, Swiss Family Robinson, and a-a-seven books of matches."

Chemistry Teacher—"When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?"

Smart Boy—"The greatest change is in price."

THE KING'S ENGLISH

We'll begin with box, the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes.
One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse is never meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,

But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be pen?
I speak of a foot and you show me two feet!
But if I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

If the singular's this and the plural these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be keese?
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.

Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim.
So what????

Teacher—"Does the moon affect the tide?"
Lovesick Pupil—"No, only the untied."

UNDOUBTEDLY

If all the students who sleep in class were laid end to end—they would be more comfortable.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	Page		Page
Alperin's	30	Kulda's	31
Berkshire Business College	31	Lamy's Store	32
Berkshire County Sav. Bank	Back cover	Marsden, Walter S.	30
Berkshire Office Supply	28	McCann's Ice Cream Store	28
Blanchard's Service Station	27	Meehan's Funeral Home	27
Brown's	27	Mike's Army & Navy	28
Busy Bee Restaurant	27	Morningside Bakery	31
Clark, H. W.	31	Northeastern University	29
Cooper's	31	Pittsfield Chip Shop	30
Cooper Coal Co.	2	Pittsfield Coal Gas Co.	2
Curtis, E. J.	24	Pittsfield Electric Co.	25
Damon's Pharmacy	1	Pittsfield Laundry	28
Dery, Edward J.	27	Pittsfield Milk Exchange	32
Deno's Jewelry Store	32	Reynolds & Barnes	31
Drennan's Funeral Parlor	31	Rosa Restaurant	30
Eagle Printing and Binding Co.	26	Royal Typewriter Co.	27
Flower Shop	32	Shapiro Studio	2
Follwell's	30	Stetson Dry Cleaners	32
Foote, H. A.	32	Sun Printing Co.	30
Grant, W. T.	26	Tyler Theatre	27
Hector's	27	Walk-Over Shoe Store	31
Homemade Ice Cream Parlor	26	Wellington Funeral Home	30
Kaufman's	28	Wendell Beauty Salon	28
Kohn Brothers Shoe Store	28	Wilkinson's	32

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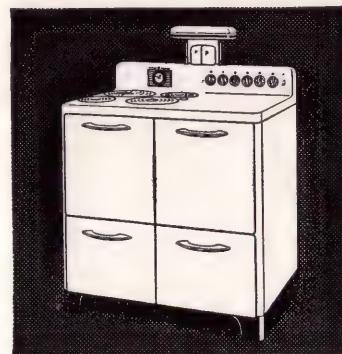


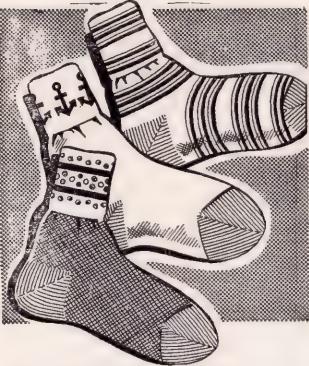
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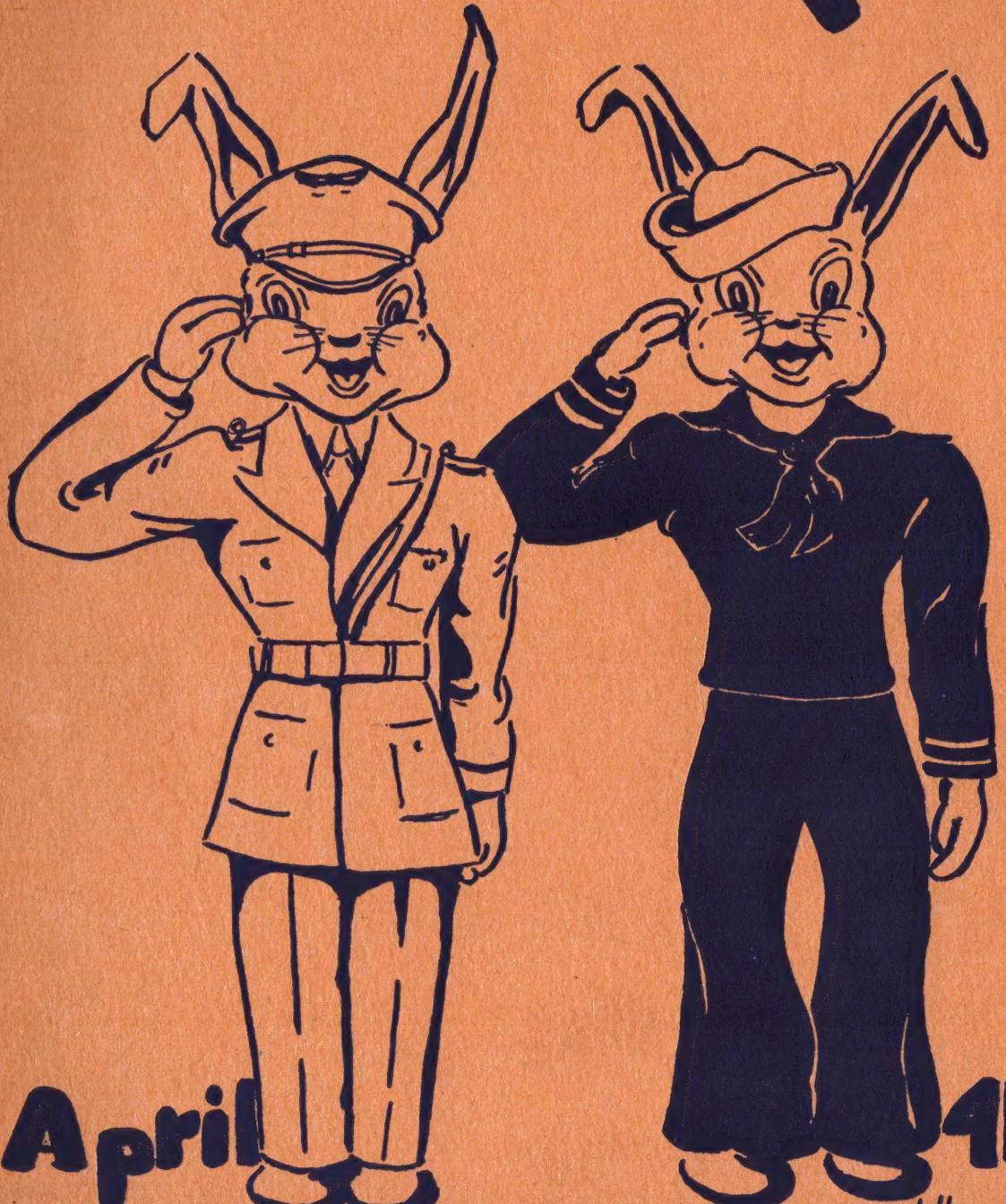
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